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——— Là le repos encore! [devore;
Partout —, hors dans ce cœur que le chagrin
Ce cœur, qui vainement s'epuise à terasser
Le malheur —— qu'il ne peut lasser. —
ARNAULT.

All — all is hush'd to silence & to rest —
All — save that sad and agonized breast;
That breast, where grief has fix'd her mad'ning sting,
Ah! never more to raise her parting wing!

MANY years ago, in a sequestered spot on the shore of Lake Erie, there lived a solitary and extraordinary being, who held no communion with mankind, and scarcely ever ventured beyond the precincts of his retreat. The white settlers in

those parts were at that time very few in number; scattered over an immense tract of country, and almost wholly unknown to each other. The Indian tribes were also scanty, and were employed in warlike excursions to the eastward. The recluse therefore was not subject to the intrusion of strangers; nor were any aware even of his existence.

The situation of his retreat was romantic in the extreme. It consisted of a cavern formed in the side of a very high and precipitous bank, which overhung the lake, and on whose summit and rugged declivities, were seen in wild and luxuriant profusion, the pine, the cedar, & the ash. A large quantity of underwood concealed the entrance to the cave, from which were suspended the long interwoven branches of the wild vine & the ivy, till they touched the water that wandered below. From the cave to the brink of the water, a rude flight of natural steps descended; but no eye would for

a moment imagine that here was the residence of a human being.

The recluse was occasionally observed by the Indians as they past in their canoes; but as it was generally by twilight or at night, their superstitious terrors construed his appearance into that of a supernatural being; and his uncouth habit, and strange gestures were supposed to belong to some dark and disturbed spirit of the waters, who haunted this silent coast, and lowered upon their voyage. They would hurry by the spot where he was often seen traversing the rocks; and when they heard his voice floating on the waters, tremble lest those waters should engulf them beneath the influence of his power. Traditionary superstition still records the spirit of this spot, and shudders at the remembrance.

His cavern, which was not of great extent, was closely sheltered from the inclemency of the weather. He had made no alteration in its wild and uncouth walls, and they still presented their dark,

comfortless sides, overgrown with moss, and here and there dripping with the damp. The whole furniture of this dismal habitation consisted in a rude stone table, on which was placed a wooden crucifix; a seat of the same material, and a few rushes and leaves, made into the form of a couch, in a gloomy recess of the wall. His food he procured with difficulty, & was chiefly composed of wild fruits, and now and then an animal he succeeded in surprising, or which the Indians had left on the shore or in the neighboring woods. The lake below likewise occasionally afforded him a scanty subsistence.

The appearance of the recluse himself fully corresponded with that of his abode; alike sad, dreary, & desolate. His age was not above thirty-five; but his hair was almost entirely grey, and his features bore all the marks of premature old age. "His hair was grey, but not with years,
Nor grew it white

In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fear."

There was a deep rooted sorrow in his countenance, and a desolate wildness in his eye, that spoke of more disastrous causes. He looked, not as if human feeling was passing away, but as if the excess of that feeling had harrowed the very vitals of his being; as if some past event, dark & terrible, had left its sting of agony forever in his soul. The time not allotted to his disturbed slumbers, and the procuring of his precarious food, was spent partly in the most humiliating prostrations at the foot of his crucifix, & partly in wandering upon the rocks, or sitting upon their projecting cliffs, to watch the broad lake that lay stretched out before him. At times, when all was dark and silent, save the rustling of the forests, and the monotonous murmur of the waters, he would sing to the most mournful and plaintive airs that were ever heard, scraps of poetry, which seemed to refer to his past life; and which, though chiefly

by the saddest recollections, appeared to soothe his agony, and calm the anguish of his heart. Then he would change them into hymns of a devotional tendency; till his mind, overwhelmed by all those associations which solitude, and darkness, and grief, will raise, took on a wilder and more terrific feeling, and he would rush into his cavern, and seek to alleviate his sorrows and his sufferings in the forgetfulness of slumber.

The following fragments may be taken as specimens of these solitary songs, as far as they can be imitated in a translation into another language.

Mine eyes beheld a lovely flower,
Sparkling with many a dewy gem;
I lov'd it, and in evil hour,
I pluck'd it from its graceful stem.
The flower I pluck'd is wither'd now,
And all the charms I lov'd are fled;
And hues that shone with beauty's glow
Are dark in desolation's shade.
So vanish hopes we build upon—
So fade the dreams that would beguile;
So is the bleeding heart undone,
And grief destroys the promised smile.

* * * *

Story of St Albert.

They say that tears have wondrous power
To soothe in sorrow's lonely hour;
I wish this bursting heart could know
The virtue of their gentle flow.
— I wish one tear to fill the eye —
One moment of sad luxury;
But oh! the burning heart of pain
Desires such welcome tear in vain.
— Alas! that sorrow must be deep
That will forbid the eye to weep;
That agony the soul must rend,
No kindly drop of grief to send! —
Oh! I must weep! or else this heart
Amid the strife must break apart;
The load that hangs & presses there
May melt before the conquering tear!

* * * * *

One effort more — in hours of sorrow
I often say — and all shall vanish;
Alas! with the returning morrow
Comes back the pang I strove to banish!
That mournful pang, in sadness stealing,
How shoots it o'er my wasted bosom!
Like morning after storms revealing
The blighted & the wither'd blossom!
It hath of every hope bereft me —
And faded every glimpse of pleasure;
And only now on earth has left me
A grief that knows nor hope nor measure!

* * * *

The dreams of rapture once I had
No hand of memory must resume;
Beneath the flower's deceitful shade
The serpent hid his form of gloom!
And yet — in sleep's unstator'd hour
Those dreams again will sweetly rise,

When will forgets her wonted power
And darkness seals the fearful eyes;
And there are gleams of rapture then
That waking hours may never see,
As if 'twere bright and sweet again,
Without one twist of misery;
As if o'er earth's deep-shadow'd vale
There were no tears to fill the eye —
As if there were no ruthless gale
To claim its dark ascendancy! * *

* * * *

Oh! she is lowly — lowly laid —
And the rank grass waves o'er her narrow bed
But where is the hand that laid her there,
Her dark and ruthless murderer?

Oh! she is lowly — lowly laid —
And on the cold clay she rests her head;
Sweet be that chill & lowly sleep —
For the mourner there hath ceased to weep

I saw her coming in storms & gloom —
Wandering afar from her sullen tomb;
Where shall I turn from the glare of that eye
Till the terrible vision has past me by?

Coldness, and darkness, & deep despair,
Soon may it be my lot to share;
Then come not, sad and injured Shade,
From the grave where thy form is lowly laid

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Before proceeding further with the story, let us retrace the circumstances which led the recluse to this state of feeling, & this abode of solitude.

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